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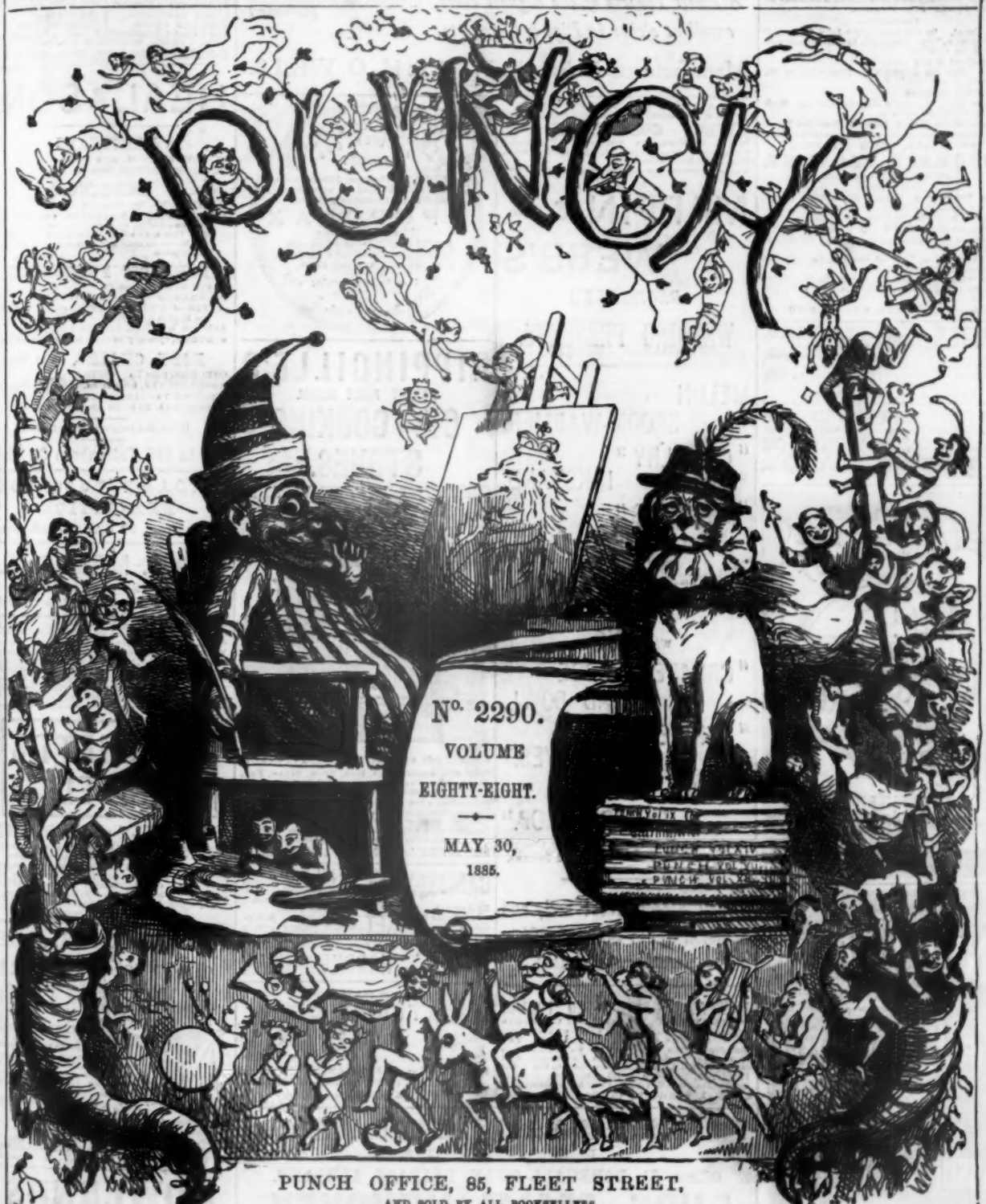

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Owner (*pointing to Pure Bull*). "THERE, OLD CHAPPIE, IF I COULD FIND A WOMAN AS WELL-BUILT AS THAT, BY JOVE, I 'D MARRY HER!"

OUR COPY OF THE INVENTORIES.

Second Landing. Military and Sporting Weapons.

HAVING a "Season Admission," it is unnecessary to take more than an ordinary railway ticket to South Kensington, and then trust to your own invention to get past the man who guards the turnstile at the end of the Subway. This opens a large field for imagination, as failure entails either the fine of a penny or a human present to the Police. Perhaps the best mode is to engage (with the assistance of an accomplice) the attention of the whole of the staff to the fancied appearance of an imaginary balloon, while you rapidly pass through the barriers. Having done this, you feel that "done" is the proper word for the occasion, and should be happy.

Complete Sportsman's Equipment (French Department.)

By entering the Exhibition by the Subway you avoid the hall with its statue of H.R.H. gaily cantering through a small forest of flowering shrubs, and yet this should not cause you deep regret. If it does, assuage your grief by inspecting the magnificent collection of Military and Sporting Weapons supplied by the Royal Arsenal, the Royal Laboratory, and other amusing exhibitors. A nice serviceable breech-loading 8-inch gun immediately attracts your attention as the biggest thing in weapons in the Southern Gallery. As the Official Catalogue is large enough to be confusing, it is better to trust to your own common sense for an explanation. Looking at this very fine specimen, which seems to be "laid" upon the hall clock, you come to the conclusion that it must be an implement of sport intended for "big game." Had you to meet a lion or a tiger, as a husband, a father, and a subscriber to an insurance company, you would certainly rest satisfied with nothing smaller. It could be easily carried by a couple of braces or so of trained elephants, and if fired by electricity (say at five miles' distance from the object aimed at), should be a most useful fowling-piece. At close quarters there is nothing to prevent you from entering the gun bodily and defying the enemy from the muzzle. But the Royal Engineers, always ready to oblige, have gone yet farther to anticipate the desires of a keen sportsman, and have supplied him with a balloon, which may be used as a means of escape should the lion or tiger become too *exigeant*.

Not far from these "Weapons" is a fish-torpedo, no doubt intended for the capture of the wily salmon, the interesting minnow, or the (comparatively) silly whale. A section of this charming little exhibit is shown, including "the Secret Chamber," which, of course, piques your curiosity. However, it is so generally well-known how a torpedo is propelled, that it would be mere waste of time to explain so open a "secret." For the sake of country cousins, it may be hinted that the "Chamber" contains a fly-wheel, a flat leather band, some cogs, a 4-inch pulley, a common C spring, and six pounds of the best brass nails. Given these articles, and the simplest zany will be able to solve the so-called "mystery." For all that, the idea is a clever one, and the inventor deserves the warmest commendation.

Not far from "the Tiger Escaper" is Mr. NORDENFELDT'S excellent "pheasant-destroyer." This clever little weapon (it can't weigh more than half-a-dozen tons) is excellently adapted to the modern *battue*, as it should easily knock over a thousand brace in a score of minutes. To the short-sighted Sportsman it should be invaluable, as by a mechanical contrivance the Nordenfeldt can be so trained that it shall "cover" everything living within a range of three miles. Close to this pretty little weapon is a model of Colonel MONCRIEFF'S Hydro-pneumatic Carriage, a vehicle specially adapted to the needs of invalids. No country-house or shooting-box should be without one.

Having got thus far in "the Inventions," the thirster after knowledge will no doubt require refreshment. And now he will meet with his first disappointment. Remembering the site of the dining-rooms of 1884 and the previous year, he will turn his steps to the south, and find, to his deep disgust, that the space then selected for "Food, and its Consumption," has this Season been devoted to the exhibition of "Improved Agricultural Implements." He will come to the conclusion that the Inventions thus forced upon his attention are feeble, uncalled-for, nay, even impertinent. Having arrived at this unprejudiced opinion, he will hurry away, and, a few minutes later, discover the object of his search. And here (at the soup, fish, and joint meal) we will leave him with the explanatory remark that the plan of the present Exhibition differs only from the Healtheries in these respects,—that what was last year something or other is now something else, and that it is perfectly easy to master the plan of the building if you are good at guessing puzzles, and have in your possession a "tossing sixpence" with which to decide difficult points.

Ceremony of taking Inventors before a Jury.

Ben Trovato.

"AFFECTATION tells here even better than wit,"
Said DIZZY, at Malta. How BEN would have smiled
At late proofs that the "Popular Popinjay" fit
Had extended to London. Ask WHISTLER or WILDE!

EXIT IN FUMO.—It is beginning to be feared that the much-talked-of European Concert is a "Smoking-Concert." At any rate, it seems only too likely to end in smoke, while its pipe at present does not look like the Pipe of Peace.

FELINE AMENITIES.

"THAT 'S YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN MASHAM, THAT EVERYBODY SAYS IS SO AGREEABLE! HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER LAST NIGHT AT SIR JOHN ROBINSON'S, AND ALL BUT TURNED HIS BACK ON ME THE WHOLE TIME!"

"PERHAPS HE 'D GOT A *PRETTY WOMAN* ON HIS OTHER SIDE!"

OUR EUROPEAN "FRIENDLIES;"

Or, "Latest Intelligence" à la Mode.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

VIENNA, *May* 25.

THE recent aggressive and stubborn attitude assumed at St. Petersburgh, involving, as it is confidently expected here on all hands it will, a fresh and further crushing humiliation for the Cabinet at St. James's, has been welcomed in the best informed political circles with the liveliest signs of merriment and satisfaction. The *Pesther Przeglond*, in common with the rest of the Press, hails the expected catastrophe with an ill-concealed and quite indecent delight, concluding a leading article bearing the significant title of "*Delenda est Wapping*," in the following words:—"With an American Ireland, a Norwegian Scotland, and an England partly Russian, partly Dutch and Danish, and the rest French, Germany, Swiss and Bulgarian, Austria-Hungary could afford, at a distance, proudly and defiantly to cry 'Hands off!' and carry out unopposed her sanitary programme aimed at British Eastern trade on the Suez Canal. We have often heartily wished to see our commercial friends of the North extirpated, but have never, for prudential reasons, quite liked to express the sentiment in print. But Great Britain now seems about to be seized by the throat on all sides, and, therefore, there is really no more reasonable occasion for discreet reticence. As soon as we are quite sure that our 'Old Ally' is well held down, we shall not be the last in Europe to greet her in jeers, with her own national proverb: '*Hooray! 'Ow, Sir, is your Eye?*'"

GERMANY.

BERLIN, *May* 25.

THERE can be as little doubt as to the continual wire-pulling that is hourly going on here, as there soon will be as to the nature of the explosion to which it is inevitably leading up. A chance few minutes' conversation I had the honour of having, at the house of a leading diplomatist only last night, with a very distinguished personage indeed, whose personality I need not further indicate, will give your readers some idea of the sort of pervading hostility that rules the hour here. The talk was on our last checkmate in Zanzibar; and I summoned up courage, and boldly asked the great Chess-player whether he would like to see England reduced to the position of a ninth-rate Power, her Colonies shattered, her commerce swept clean off the seas, an invasion on her shores, famine and revolution staring her in the face, and her liberties extinct. "Certainly—and the sooner the better," was the blunt reply, followed by a loud good-humoured laugh, that was soon lost in a silver tankard of iced Sardines, Brandy, and Porter. "And what of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues?" I ventured to continue. "Send 'em to Siberia by Parcels Post, wrapped up in their own 'Blue Books.'" The Turkish Envoy, who was standing by, and who, I am told, only speaks Arabic, smiled, however, approvingly at this—a circumstance which caused the British Ambassador, who had noticed it from a corner, to get up hurriedly and order his carriage. I heard later that, as he was stepping into it, he narrowly escaped being hit on the head by a pail of strawberry-ice, flung at him from the balcony of the Refreshment-Saloon above "by some unseen hand." On protesting to a Roumanian *attaché* against this outrage, as amounting almost to a violation of international courtesy, he assured me that it was quite a common occurrence. "They all do it," he said, with a smile; "and I hope some evening, when no one is looking, to have a turn myself." You may gather from the foregoing what our *prestige* is worth at this Court at the present moment, and how little, if engaged in any prolonged war against seven great European Powers, we could reasonably rely on satisfactory assistance from Liberal sympathisers in the Balkans.

SPAIN.

MADRID, *May* 25.

THE complete and sudden failure of the "onion duty" negotiations has produced a feeling of irritation here that has been instantly turned to account at Berlin. The *pourparlers* by telegraph have been unceasing, and the result only what might have been expected. An English ham-and-beef shop at Cadiz was attacked and completely wrecked last night by a furious Catalonian mob singing the *Cachucha*, and demanding the invasion of Gibraltar and cession of India and the Isle of Wight. There has been also a most regrettable outbreak at Biarritz, where several British invalids were set upon by a band of well-dressed Spanish excursionists, dragged from their Bath-chairs, hurled into the sea, and only rescued from a possibly severer second drenching by the sounding of the dinner-hour. Referring to this unfriendly piece of buffoonery, the *Imparcial*, in its to-day's leader, merely remarks:—"It is an incident like this that, more than any other, will serve to show the huckstering coward, JOHN BULL, that if war break out, as we trust it may, between the two nations, the courage and chivalry of Old Castile and Aragon are as living a force in the beloved Peninsula as ever they were in the glorious days of FERDINAND and ISABELLA." Calling, later in the day, for some explanation of this, I was, by order of the Editor, kicked out of the office by three printer's boys, the doorkeeper, several members of the permanent staff, and an advertising agent. Such is life in Madrid at the present moment; and though I have made a complaint at the Embassy, I can't say that it is pleasant.

ITALY.

ROME, *May* 25.

THE ominous rumours to which I referred in my yesterday's telegram, are fully confirmed to-day. Prince BISMARCK has again triumphed. It appears that notwithstanding all pacific assurances to the contrary, the refusal of Mr. GLADSTONE to hand over bodily, as demanded, at the suggestion of Berlin, by Italy, the whole of the Red Sea littoral, Perim, Aden, Malta, and Cyprus, together with a money indemnity "on account" of £5,000,000 for the "preliminary expenses of supervision," has produced a painful state of tension between the two Governments, that is fast growing acute. Indeed, it was noticed at the ball at the Austrian Embassy that just as Sir SAVILE LUMLEY was about to sit down, Signor MANCINI, who was apparently talking earnestly to the German Ambassador, suddenly took his chair from under him, with the usual results. This has produced the worst effect, and there is no doubt but that for the moment the *entente cordiale* is seriously imperilled.

FRANCE.

PARIS, *May* 25.

THE refusal of the Chamber by a majority of 435 to 2 to accept the humble apology of the British Government for the appearance at Pondicherry of the one number of that lively and harmless little sheet, the *Halfpenny Englishman*, has surprised no one. It was never expected for a moment that the mere simultaneous throwing into

A LO(WE)FTY FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

irons of the Editor, Publisher, and Staff, together with the expulsion from the country of all the subscribers, and the official visit of the Viceroy of India on all fours to the French Governor, would satisfy the susceptibilities aroused here by its appearance. That things are grave there is not the slightest doubt. Speaking to a moderate Deputy this morning, he assured me that unless Mr. Gladstone should be prepared to recall and disgrace Lord Dufferin, hand over the Madras Presidency as "a guarantee of future good behaviour," and pay the expenses of the Tonquin Expedition, "rendered necessary by a regard for French dignity wounded in Egypt," a crisis would be inevitable; but, he added, that, of course, Mr. Gladstone would yield. As a comment on this, I may add that the *Pays*, in an article headed "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que le Waterloo Bridge?*" urges the immediate incarceration of Lord Lyons and all the British tourists at present in Paris, as a preliminary step towards "a calm vindication of the national honour." The whole of the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets are to assemble next week off Greenwich. "This," says the *Soleil*, "will demonstrate that France is still mistress of the Thames. Mr. Gladstone will still further apologise."

Nuda Veritas.

The British Matron writes with temper tart,
'Gainst what she calls Indecency in Art.
But may not prudishness with prurient eye,
Show that there is Art in Indecency?

Bear or Bugbear?—The Russian Bruin in Central Asia.

OIL AND WATER.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 203. Catching a F[**]! "Most annoying! Must stop him with my left, and catch him with my right!"

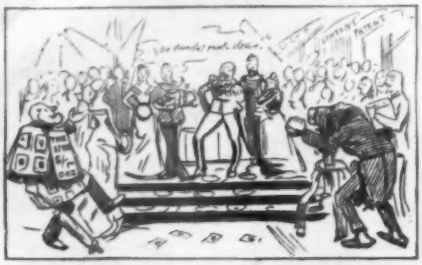
No. 1095. That distinguished Actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in a New Part.

No. 780. Well Suited Couple; or, A Travelling Tailor's Advertisement. "Try-cycle Costumes. Latest novelty."

No. 124. "Lyre and Slave!" *Macbeth.*

No. 554. Companion Picture to No. 203.

No. 810. Primitive Picnicking; or, Her "Salad Days" without Dressing.



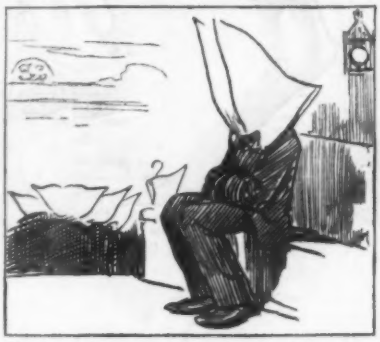
No. 1028. View taken by the Photographer-Royal, who may be seen in the corner, in official costume, adjusting the focus.

No. 727. "You look after the Hare; I'm going to take a Fly home."

SPECIMENS FROM THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF WATERWORKS.

No. 192. "A Rapid Act;" or, Holding On in going down a Cataract.

No. 294. "*Happy Thought.*"—Must have the ceiling heightened if the Girl 's going on growing like this. Evidently she isn't a Performer who can be "let out."



No. 342. Departure of Mr. Gladstone's Collars for the Wash.

No. 543. "Something like a Picture, Be-Dadd!"

*** Note another by this Artist, No. 412. "The Boy, what will he become?" The evident answer is, "Lucky for him if the son becomes a Dadd."

No. 512. The Learned Pig turns sulky and won't perform.

No. 438. Dressed Rehearsal for Circus Riders in Satin Pinks on Mechanical Horses.

No. 873. An Ideal Tree-tment of "High Trees-on."

In addition to the foregoing selected specimens, we beg to call the attention of the Public to the following Pictures, which will be found, we think, more correctly described here than in the Official Catalogue—

No. 335. A Taking Stock.

No. 481. Cruelty at Sea. Sick passenger in berth being annoyed by two sailors, one singing and playing, and the other smoking. "His Death which happened in his berth."—*Hood.*

No. 485. Playing the popular See Saw Waltz, or "A Nice Scrape!" *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, by JOHN TENNIEL, R.I. "He plays the viol-de-gambo." He is drawing the gam bow across the strings, and probably making a viol noise which he considers delightful. We make the candid a-viol that we think it excellent. Of course this must be entirely "without prejudice."

No. 627. *Nell* and her Grandfather. The last *Nell*, we hope. We would much rather have seen *Codlin* and *Short*.

No. 823. A Sea Piece, by ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. This is real Water Colour. It 's beautiful! it 's severnly!

No. 902. Fearful Tragedy in a Cornfield.

No. 601. No Buyers. Return of Unsuccessful Artist from Burlington House.

QUITE ANOTHER GORDON MEMORIAL.

THE Grand Military Concert at the Hôtel Métropole, was one of the most brilliant sights we 've seen for some time. All the rank and fashion of the West and East were wandering about the corridors, lounging on the divans, listening to the music, talking, chatting, and enjoying themselves. Guardsmen were "Stewards." By the way, why cannot the title of "Steward" be dropped on such festive and charitable occasions as concerts and dinners, especially dinners? "Steward" calls so forcibly to mind the sea-passage between Dover and Calais. The Stewards were distinguished by an order worn on the right side of the dress-coat. Perhaps it was a tasting order for the cellars of the Métropole.

The Prince and Princess arrived about 11·30, and there was the usual loyal rush, scrooging and crowding to bask in the smiles of Royalty for even a brief five seconds. It is a noticeable feature of all these gatherings that the people who scrooge, and rush, and struggle the most to get into the front row and to obtain a loyal recognition of their presence by a special bow, or nod, or a pause for a handshake, are just the very persons who see most of Royalty, who meet Royalty constantly, and to whom, apparently, Royalty is the very breath of their lives. The rudeness of the best bred persons, specially the ladies, who, we suppose, pick it up at the Drawing-rooms, is really remarkable. And oh, it is so delightful when the supreme moment comes, and the Royal party is about to pass to see the preparations for curtseying, the smiling, the agitation, the general pulling-themselves-together of everyone, male and female, and then——Their Royal Highnesses pass, greet here and there one,—through whose frame a perceptible thrill of joy passes, and an inch is added to his or her stature,—and ignore those who have been the most eager and the most anxious to thrust themselves forward, and the depth of whose bitter disappointment, judging by the forced smile on their countenances, it would be difficult to gauge.

We noticed an elderly Military-looking Man with decorations and a large chatty Dowager: they struggled into the front, and took up such positions as seemed to declare that Their Royal Highnesses should only pass into the Drawing Room over their bodies. The Dowager talked and laughed: so did her *vis-à-vis* the Elderly Decorated One. They gave, each on their own side, in a low tone, anecdotes of the Court and the high Society which they adorned. They expected to welcome the Prince and Princess as if they were giving this grand party: and then the August Personages came along smiling and bowing, and passed this couple without the slightest appearance of being aware of their presence: indeed, all the Decorated Person saw of Royalty was the Prince's back, while the Princess spoke to a lady at a distance of three or four from the Dowager, and then sailed on, passing the Dowager as if she had been invisible. Oh, how crestfallen they were! How like a couple of Cardinal WOLSEYS they must have felt when they got home, and regretted their misspent hours of snobbishness.

The Life-Guards were on duty in the hall: they were magnificent, but they were not War—thank goodness! The Guardsmen were keeping order with sticks in their hands, as if they had been going out for a walk, but had been suddenly stopped by their commanding officer, and told to come into the Métropole Hotel. The Police were also splendid. So was OUR ROBERT the Waiter from the City. The supper and the champagne were excellent, and for this everyone had worked up an appetite and drinkatite by wandering about the Hotel, "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." In the bedrooms there were candles alight, and all the rooms had the air of present occupation. We felt quite diffident about entering the rooms without knocking, and, on coming in suddenly, we were inclined to say, "Oh, beg pardon! Didn't know anyone was here," or "Mistook the room for our own," or some other mild excuse, and retire awkwardly.

What a chance for the Métropole! Few hotels could get such an opportunity of publicity. It is a magnificent place, and at first sight, and on such a specially brilliant night as last Monday, the Hotel seems to be made for the accommodation of Crowned Heads—none of your half-crowned heads—and for Rothschildren. It is sumptuous, yet in excellent taste, and, in spite of its magnificence, we should say that, when it is in ordinary working order, it will be as comfortable—for that 's the point, after all—as the Grand, which has had some years the start of it.

It is a curious coincidence that this Military Concert for the benefit of the Imperial late Egyptian War Fund, Soudan and Egypt, should be intimately connected with the name of GORDON, who, associated with so many successes in this line, is responsible for the management of the Hôtel Métropole.

TAKING OFF THE MASQUE OF PAINTERS.

MY DEAREST GLADYS,

I AM *so* sorry that your Papa's gout kept you in the country. He appears *never* to be well except in the hunting-season, when his duties as M.F.H. seem to leave him no time for thinking about his ailments! Don't say I am *heartless*, but I was *so* disappointed that you did not come with us to the Masque of Painters at the Royal Institute. *Such* a pretty sight, dear! The *tableaux* were a wee bit slow, and we had just a trifle too much of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as *Vergil*. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, it seems, is a Painter as well as an Actor—how clever! But the Royalties were simply lovely, especially our dear Princess. They stayed until the early hours, although the Prince and the Duke, to say nothing of the poor Marquis (who seemed a little uncertain whether he ought to seat himself in a gold chair, like his Royal brothers-in-law, or be satisfied with a resting-place of a less gorgeous material) must have felt rather strange in their plain evening dress in the midst of all the brilliant historical costumes and ancient uniforms. Some of the dresses were *so* funny! There was a comical-looking person in a toga and an immense wreath of lilacs, that *would* keep falling into his eyes. And he wore a double eye-glass (fancy an ancient Roman in a *pince nez!*), and made us laugh so!

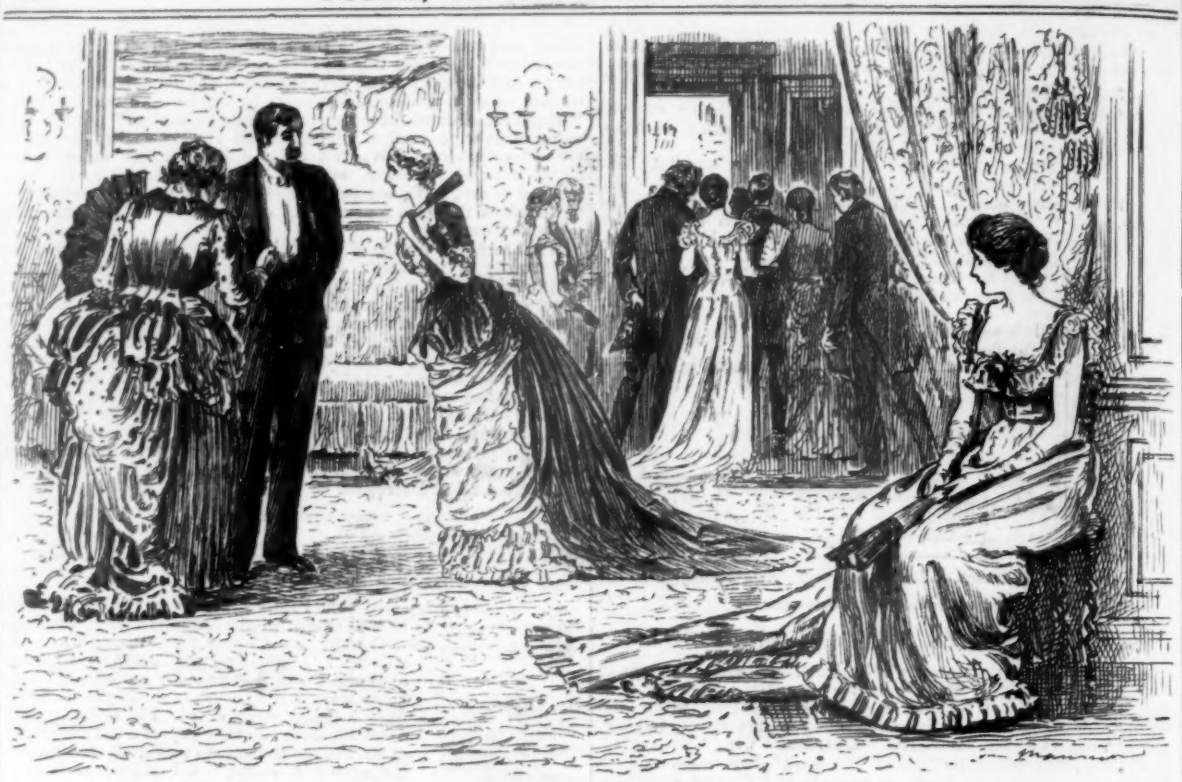
Something like a Bawl!

We were told that we should see all sorts of strange people, as the ball was going to be "rather mixed." You know what I mean—"Upper Bohemia," and that kind of thing. But, my dear, it was nothing of the sort! Very nice and sedate—almost clerical! Fancy, not a single actress! I was *so* disappointed! I think the Actresses one meets about *so* clever. But dear Mr. BANCROFT was there, and I think I recognised Mr. HARE. They seemed quite at ease in their costumes because, of course, they are accustomed to dressing up. I was surprised to see so few Royal Academicians. Poor dear Mr. MILLAIS is ill, but there was no Sir FREDERICK and no Sir JOHN GILBERT, and not even Mr. HORSLEY. BERTIE (who went with us in the ancient costume of his own regiment, the Rifle Brigade) pointed out to us the eccentric Roman as Mr. ALMA-TADEMA. But, of course, he must have been joking! You know who I mean, Mr. ALMA-TADEMA who paints all that wonderful marble, and is *so* classical. But in spite of the absence of the R.A.'s (I do not mean the Royal Artillery—*that* was well represented) and the theatrical celebrities, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Met lots of people in our own set (by the way everybody seemed to be wearing powder,—the shops of FOX and CLARKSON must have been emptied of their stock of white wigs), and didn't come home until four in the morning. Oh I do *so* wish you had been there.

Ever yours most affectionately,
KITTY CHATTINGTON.

Monday, 401, *Eton Square*.

MR. IRVING advertises that the Pit of the Lyceum is restored to its "old form." The "old form" doesn't sound very comfortable. Has the old form a back to it? and how many can sit on it at once?



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly tackled about Woman's Suffrage by old Miss Boreham, just as he was on his way across the room to Mary Morrison). "WILL YOU TAKE A LADY IN TO SUPPER, IF YOU PLEASE!"

"ALL SOLD!"

SCENE—*Whitsun Junction. Parliamentary Excursion Train just in. Stops Ten Minutes for Refreshment.*

"WHITSUN! Whitsun! Stop ten minutes!" What a headlong
hurry-scurry!
What a hustling, what a bustling, what a jostling, to be sure!
Like a flight of startled pheasants, all a-fluster and a-flurry,
From the carriage to the platform how the passengers outpour!

"Whitsun! Whitsun!" The last break in a long and tedious
journey,
And they tumble out exultantly like youngsters out of school,
And they cluster like spectators at a mediæval tourney,
For the soup they 'll scarcely swallow, for it won't have time to cool.

There 's the Marquis, grim and stately, who seems agitated greatly,
There 's the other Marquis, also, who looks cold and slightly curbed,
There 's the Earl who, greatly chivied, still smiles smugly and
sedately,
And there 's gentle fussy STAFFY looking hot and much perturbed.

There, at mischief ever handy, is the rattlebrain young RANDY,
There is SMITH, the dulcet Philistine, now fuming in a pet;
There 's smart ASHMEAD-BARTLETT raving like a much demented
dandy,
All shouting out for something, which one wishes they may get.

For the cry is, "Papers! Papers!" Their fierce hunger for
refreshment
Is as nothing to their violent voracity for news
As concerns Egyptian darkness, and the Muscovite enmeshment,
And the progress of that pretty game "Heads *they* win, tails *we*
lose."

But the Paper Boy, as stolid as a stock, stands coolly whistling,
And his hands are in his pockets, and his back 's against a post;
And he heeds not RANDY's hectoring, or SMITH's indignant bristling,
Or the rushing and the crushing of the disappointed host.

"Papers? Bless yer, *I* ain't got none. They 're all sold. The next
editions
Will, most probably, be out about the time as you come back.
Wot 's the use o' chivvying *me*, gents, and a making hexhibitions
Of yerselves, while at the Bar there you might all be 'aving
Snacks?"

"Whitsun! Whitsun!" Take your seats, Gents, for the
Parli'ment'ry "'Scursion!"
The bell is ringing loudly, the Boy smiles with fiendish glee.
Back to their seats they bundle, half delight, and half aversion,
Whilst they grumble to each other, "Ah, all sold!—and so
are *we!*"

HUMBLE PIE.

THE appetite for "Humiliation" seems to grow by what it feeds on. Partisan warfare cannot, apparently, be carried on without it, and without it our spouting patriots and bouncing Pressmen could not get on at all. The worst of it is, that no Government, not even the existing one, can be trusted to consume *quite* enough of it for party purposes. The manufacture of Humiliation, therefore, in speeches and leading articles, goes on merrily all round. It is a pleasing process. Misconstruction is its main support, and when that fails, it is, of course, necessary to fall back upon sheer invention. The daily supply of kicks, buffets, and snubs, of which JOHN BULL is to be receiver-general, must on no account fail for the sake of absurd accuracy or the want of a little lying. He must be proved to be always in the wrong. His marrowbones must always be on the ground, his flag ever in the mire. If his enemies overlook any chance of humbling him, it must be pointed out to them in elaborate leading articles. One journal takes the view that *he* is always on the wrong tack, another that his foes are. But in either case the humiliation is *his*. Whether he act or refrain from acting, whether he stand still or advance, he cannot get out of that Valley of Humiliation which is now his permanent abiding-place—according to his rival party critics, bless them! Whether they really succeed in humiliating him as much as they think, and—for party purposes—hope, is doubtful. But one thing is certain. They succeed in humiliating themselves.

WHITSUN
EXCURSIO
PAPERS
PAPERS
WHIT'SUNTIDE
HOLIDAYS
EXCURSI
FARES

"ALL SOLD!"

LATEST METROPOLITAN ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

(Statement by the Candidate for Haclington-cum-Chelsbury.)

In an evil hour, I fear, for my peace of mind, I yielded to the no doubt unbiassed advice of my guide, philosopher, and lawyer, and consented to have my name announced as that of a gentleman of large fortune and liberal principles who was prepared to devote himself to the service of his country in the capacity of Member of Parliament for the Metropolitan District in which he resides. I was informed, in due course, that the Liberal and Radical Association of my District had resolved to permit my name to be submitted to a meeting of the Council of Two Hundred, together with that of a competitor for their sweet voices, at which meeting we were to explain our views upon things in general, and to submit to any amount of questioning and cross-questioning that the Council might please to indulge in, that a vote would then be taken, in our absence, and the losing Candidate was bound in honour to accept that decision as final, and to support his successful rival against the common foe.

Now I am quite prepared to admit that I am no orator, as GLADSTONE is, but still I am generally able to hold my own pretty well in our Vestry meetings, where, I have been told by brother Vestrymen when partaking of my hospitality, my style is thought to resemble that of the HOME SECRETARY. But I confess that the idea of a long speech upon political matters, in which, to tell the honest truth, I take but very little interest, followed by a cross-examination by a large body of keen politicians, seemed to me such a terrible ordeal that I had serious thoughts of at once withdrawing my name, but my best beloved, having been informed by my kind lawyer, now my agent, of the many social advantages attending the position of an M.P. who always votes straight with the Government, such as Balls and Concerts at Buckingham Palace, Garden parties at Marlborough House, &c. &c., would not listen to such an idea for one moment, and, with the assistance of my adviser, hit upon a scheme, that we at once proceeded to put into practice, and that had the completest success.

This was nothing less than a family rehearsal of the coming ordeal. My three boys are all thorough Radicals, my son-in-law is a Moderate Liberal, and my kindly Solicitor, having no opinions in particular, could put in an awkward question or two on any of those many semi-lunatic fancies, such as Anti-Vaccination, Municipal Reform, the Claims of Sir ROGER, &c., which are such a terror and a nuisance to Liberal Candidates. It took place accordingly, and as all were not only allowed, but requested to speak out freely and boldly, I found myself subjected to such an endless torrent of what is called, I believe, "heckling," that I felt that no reality could exceed it in pungency and sarcasm. So I set out to the appointed meeting, on the appointed evening, after just two glasses of old champagne to give me a good start, full of courage, full of confidence, and full of faith that I should bear myself as becomes a man who seeks to take a share in framing the future destinies of his country. My cautious friend did not accompany me to the place of meeting, but arranged with me that he should occupy a back seat among the audience near the centre, so that when I was asked any doubtful question he could, by a slight movement of the head, indicate the more prudent answer.

On arriving, I shook hands with my opponent, as I believe is customary on somewhat similar occasions, which manly act I could see was regarded favourably by the keen-looking audience. Fortunately, as I think, my opponent had the first go in, as a most respectable working-man called it, for it gave me a capital opportunity of discovering what opinions the meeting approved of, and what they were opposed to, which, as I had no particular opinions of my own, was of course of great advantage to me when my turn came.

My opponent was allowed to speak for half an hour, and then had to submit to half an hour's questioning. He spoke fairly well, but I had no difficulty in discovering where he failed. He often hesitated in answering a question, and sometimes even fenced with one. If I were writing a book of maxims for Candidates for Caucuses, my first maxim, and I would print it in letters of gold, would be, "*Never fence with a question.*" It makes the audience doubtful, and it makes the audience angry, for they at once imagine that you are trying to deceive them. I looked towards my legal friend and saw him cool and smiling, and I felt that our feelings were in accord.

So, when my turn came, I carefully avoided all the pitfalls into which my opponent had so innocently and so ingenuously fallen, and dwelt upon those topics which were evidently popular with my audience, and when my cross-examination began, by keeping my eye upon my nodding friend, and speaking out boldly and without hesitation, as he directed me, I gained their warm hearts and their warm hands, and sat down amid deafening applause, which was heartily and laughingly renewed when the working-man before alluded to shouted out, "That 's the gent for my money; he 's so straight-forred." My opponent and myself were then requested to leave the room while the vote was taken, and that half-hour was about the longest I ever spent in my life. Even that long long half-hour came to an end at last, and I was received with loud applause as the winner in this first step towards the realisation of my fondest hopes.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

(A Long Way after KINGSLEY.)

BY A DÉBUTANTE AT THE LAST DRAWING ROOM.

WELCOME, wild North-Easter?
Oh! most certainly!
Here a girl *must* gladly
Turn a verse to thee!
Welcome, black North-Easter?
Eugh! A German goddess,
Or a Danish nymph,
Never donned low bodice.
True it *looks* like Summer,
There 's a chilly glare;
But the Sun seems hurtling
Ice-shafts through the air.
In their glad Spring greenery
All the trees look gay,
But through Summer's scenery
Winds of Winter play;
Sweep my golden tassels,
To my bosom strike;
Make my toes feel tingling
In some frozen dyke;
Fill my eyes with tear-drops,
Cold—I hope as bright—
As those diamond ear-drops,
Dear Mamma's delight;
Through this thin tulle-pleating
Worm their way until
My poor heart stops beating
With the deathly chill.
Hark! The brave North-Easter,
Like a blast from Norway,
Howls along the passage,
Whistles through the doorway.
Cringe, ye courtly darlings,
In your robes of snow,
Trimmed with pure white lilac!
Heavens! it *does* blow!
Even the plump Duchess
In her *brocatelle*
Finds the draught *too* much is,
Though *she* 's covered well.
Her blue lips she closes,
Her chilled eyelids wink,
And her Roman nose is,
Like her train, shrimp-pink.

Mamma's eye is on me,
Sparkling like a jewel.
Courage! But this wind is
Cruel, cruel, cruel!
Such a scene as this is
Every girl's delight is;
But my throat 's *so* raspy,
And *that* means bronchitis:
One would rather die
Than not be presented;
But in a North-Easter?
KINGSLEY was demented!
Yes, the luscious South-wind
Which the goose decries,
Less afflicts our bosoms,
Better suits our eyes.
Why belaud and soften
With his tricky pen
What, alas! too often
Women slays—and men?
Says the soft South-Wester
Is the Ladies' breeze!
Be it so, and let us
Have it, if you please!
But the black North-Easter
Through May's mid-day hurled,
Drives poor English girls by scores
Deathward from "the world."
Drawing-rooms are *lovely*,
But diaphanous dress
In a May North-Easter
Means—eugh! I can guess
By this inward quivering,
By this bosom-chill:
E'en Mamma is shivering,
Spite of her strong will.
Oh! cannot our mothers
(From the dear QUEEN down)
Some less killing fashion
Set the foolish Town?
Mode rules strong within us,
But—we 're flesh and blood,
Frozen by what KINGSLEY
Calls "the wind of God."

CABINET TIPPLE (*as the Tories hope*).—"Irish and a Split."

CONNUBIAL POLITICS! RECIPROCITY!

Wife. "I 'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR, EVER SINCE YOU GAVE ME MACAULAY'S HISTORY AT CHRISTMAS, WHICH YOU SAID YOU 'D BEEN LONGING TO READ, WHAT PRESENT I SHOULD MAKE YOU AT—WHITSUNTIDE. NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NEW CARRIAGE RUG? YOU KNOW HOW BITTERLY COLD I HAVE OFTEN FELT IN THE 'VICTORIA'!"

A VERY well-educated Lady read the advertisement of a new novel by MARION CRAWFORD, entitled *Zoroaster*. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "that must be interesting. Who was ZOROASTER, and whom did he zo roast?" When informed that he was the great teacher and law-giver of the Fire-worshippers, she replied, "Of course he was; anyone could tell that by the name."

ARTISTIC.—A Drawing Room nowadays is very often a *Painting* Room also, and contains sometimes wonderful collections of highly-coloured Old Mistresses. Exhibition free—*very* free! This state of things is commended to the attention of the *Times's* terrible "BRITISH MATRON."

BAREFACED INVENTIONS.—At the International Inventions Exhibition, among the most recent International Inventions, Earl GRANVILLE might exhibit the diplomatic communications which his Lordship has been receiving from the Russian Government.

CHEVY CHASE.'

New Version of the old Ballad of Chivalry, adapted to our unchivalric days.

GOD prosper long our gracious QUEEN,
And may no more befall,
So foul a fight as that rude fray,
Which Chevy * Chase we call.

To lead the House, with care and pain,
Grey GLADSTONE did essay.
The churl may shame that is unborn
The manners of that day.

The suave Sir STAFFORD to oppose
His *devoir* did with grace;
A gentler pair of gallant foes
Stood never face to face.

But forth there stepped a cheeky Squire,
RANDOLPHO was his name,
Who cried, "You don't call *this* a fight?
Your style is much too tame!

"You shall not fool about like this,
And I stand looking on.
"You be two muffs," RANDOLPHO said,
"I'd lick the pair alone!

"I'll do the best that do I may,
Although not Old or Grand.
All this punctilio is rot;
I'll fight for my own hand!"

Then straight arose a vulgar row,
Shaming good hearts and true;
Coarse words like poisoned arrows went,
And smirched where they not slew.

To still the storm, with broken voice,
Grey GLADSTONE did his best;
A Captain he of mickle might,
Who never stooped his crest.

But howls rose fast on every side,
No courtesy was found;
And yahoo yells of laughter rude,
His struggling accents drowned.

O Saints! it was great grief to see
How pale he did appear,
Whilst flout and shout flew all about,
Rude laugh, and ruthless jeer.

This fight did last till GLADSTONE grey
Shamed *some* of such coarse fun.
Hoarse was that voice, erst like a bell,
That long-tried strength foredone.

Lo! conscience pricks the brave Sir HICKS,
A Knight of courtesie;
On that back bench churl hearts might blench,
And fail of their cad glee.

For RANDOLPHO needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps,
Aping the rough who kicks his foe,
And on his body jumps.

Smart Squire, who well might be brave Knight,
Him pity 'tis to see
Hounding rude clowns on, in despite
Of gallant Chivalry.

Let Irish churls of small account
Thus play the unknightly lout;
Let inarticulate Tory sumphs
Thus rudely yell and shout;

But one of brain and gentle blood
Should deem it less disgrace
To join some Cockney Epping Hunt
Than lead a Chevy Chase!

God save the QUEEN, and bless the land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt gentlemen may cease!

* *Chevy.*—To rudely harass or brutally bait.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—Always admired JOSEPH GILLIS. Proud to be esteemed his friend and confidant. He has some eccentricities. He is, in short, the kind of JOSEPH whom in more lawless times a discriminating family would have sought opportunities to put in a pit. But genius is ever erratic, and JOEY B. is undoubtedly a genius.

The pride I've always taken in the personal acquaintance of this remarkable man increased fourfold to-night. Been a lively sitting for some hours. RANDOLPH having, as he said, spent a melancholy Sunday morning over Afghan Papers determined to give the House a miserable Monday night. Accordingly, when Vote on Account comes on, moves to reduce it by Two Millions. Proceeds thereupon to take a hop, skip and jump through the papers, which Sunday morning does not appear to have been long enough for him thoroughly to master.

RANDOLPH listened to with patience and attention. GLADSTONE once getting up to correct a statement or ask for a reference, greeted by the Conservatives with sudden savage howl that startled strangers in Gallery. Thought someone had been discovered with hands in somebody else's pocket. But it was only the Leader of the House requesting permission to interpolate a remark and the gentlemen of Conservative party refusing leave.

This nothing to what followed. When PREMIER on his feet RANDOLPH constantly jumping up to interject correction, argument, or assertion. But Liberals didn't howl at RANDOLPH, as indeed, it isn't custom on either side to howl at anybody, except when young bloods of Tory Party discover GLADSTONE on his feet. Presently storm reached height. GLADSTONE ventured to reply to one of RANDOLPH'S interruptions, whereupon Tory Gentlemen opposite lashed themselves into fury, howling and shouting like madmen. Old Man Grand still in the pathetic dignity with which he faces the mob. Threatens for moment to break down. Succeeds in mastering emotion, and makes earnest protest on behalf of the dignity of the House and liberties of debate.

BADGERING GLADSTONE.

Here JOSEPH GILLIS was in his element. He howled and groaned and jeered with the best of them; felt that his moment of triumph had come. These fine-dressed highborn Gentlemen had sneered at him because of his former connection with the bacon business, and because they thought his manners lacked repose. But JOEY B.—devilish sly—had them under his thumb now. They had come down to his level; nay, he was a Leader amongst them, and now, as the veteran Statesman, pale and trembling with indignation, stood at the table with the weight of fifty years' public service on his back, JOSEPH GILLIS, below the Gangway, competed with Lord NEWPORT and Lord ARTHUR HILL above, and very nearly outshouted them.

JOEY B. is tough as well as sly. Might have been thought excitement of this scene would have worn him out. But he lay by, and awaited his opportunity. RANDOLPH, having made his speech and "drawn GLADSTONE," had no further interest in his Amendment. Wanted to withdraw it, and let the House go into Committee. Then JOSEPH, momentarily forgotten, appeared upon the scene, and created remarkable sensation.

"Motion by leave withdrawn," says the SPEAKER.

"No!" roared JOSEPH GILLIS.

Evident he meant to divide. RANDOLPH a plucky man, not accustomed to shrink from consequences. But couldn't stand this prospect. After nervously pulling at moustache for moment, took up his hat and fled. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and colleagues on Front Bench rapidly disappeared in Indian file. Conservatives parted right and left, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, with long lean hand supporting ponderous head, watched the scene with a pleased smile.

"Think I've scored to-day," he said, modestly, having seen his eleven supporters through the Division Lobby.

"Yes, JOSEPH, I think you have."

Business done.—Lord RANDOLPH'S Motion to reduce Vote on Account negatived by 74 Votes against 11.

Tuesday.—House of Commons meeting at Four o'Clock. Counted Out at Six. A great deal happened in interval. First of all, WARTON repudiated JOSEPH GILLIS. WARTON had moved an Amendment on Metropolitan Board of Works Bill in debate. JOEY B. had uplifted his powerful voice in support of WARTON'S case. When Division called, SPEAKER consequently named him as co-teller; whereat, the House roared with laughter. WARTON didn't see the joke. Privately protested to the SPEAKER. Subsequently took public objection. JOSEPH GILLIS behaved with calm dignity. SPEAKER had called on him to tell, and he told, regardless of WARTON'S spasmodic snuff-taking, and the violent outstretching of his thumbs, which is with him a sign of deep emotion.

Secondly, RAIKES, raking up story of robbery of cash-box in House of Commons, puts portentous question.

"Is it," he said, "the custom of Members of the Government to bring to the House considerable sums in cash? If so, for what purpose?"

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR attempted to reply humorously; but evident uneasiness in Ministerial ranks. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, ONSLOW, and TOMLINSON, begin now to understand how the Government majority on the Local Taxation question was so unexpectedly large, and how, in all circumstances, the majority is maintained. Further questions will be put on this subject.

Business done.—Lords disposed of Registration Bills.

Wednesday Afternoon. — Interesting episode in life of CAVENDISH BENTINCK accidentally made known this afternoon. BROADHURST moved Second Reading of Sites for Places of Religious Worship Bill. There being, by exception, plenty of room on Front Bench, CAVENDISH BENTINCK takes it. Listens with growing impatience to BROADHURST'S remarks. Growls and groans incessantly; changes position; hair visibly rumples itself—to watchful eye, sure sign of coming explosion. At last it comes.

"Nonconformists," says BROADHURST, "have been obliged to worship in barns."

"Nonsense!" C. B. shouts across the House.

BROADHURST mildly suggests that perhaps the Ex-Judge-Advocate-General didn't often attend Nonconformist services in rural districts. C. B., once wound up for contradiction will go any lengths. Didn't stop at this. "I do," he cried, emphatically, and looked angrily round, wanting to know what House was laughing at.

"What a pretty Idyl we have here," said GIBSON—"BENTINCK in his Sunday clothes, with hat newly brushed, a copy of the *Congregational Hymn Book* in his hand, walking along the leafy lanes in the early Summer Sabbath morning, bent upon attending service in some little Conventicle! Talk of Sites for Places of Worship. This, to me, would be the most touching sight of all."

Business done.—Registration Bills finally disposed of. CAVENDISH BENTINCK makes an interesting confession.

Thursday.—One of those pleasant evenings on which we have a bit of everything. Through average week one night has its Egyptian Question another its Russian, a third its Irish, a fourth its Local Taxation. To-night, on Motion for Adjournment for Whitsun holidays, every subject under the sun may be debated. Most of them are.

Great night for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Began at beginning; had round with SPEAKER at Question Time. Came up smiling later, on question of European prisoners of the MAHDI. Made long speech on condition of affairs in India; at a few minutes before One in the morning turned up with remarks on negotiations with Russia. Subsequently crossed floor of House, and seating himself by the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate continued his remarks.

"Don't you sometimes get tired?" asked the Sage, in his child-like and bland manner.

"Oh, never!" said ASHMEAD.

"Well, we do," said LABBY, walking off, leaving ASHMEAD in the Bolan Pass.

MUNDELLA roaming about on outskirts of House, watchful for opportunity to dash in. Has speech to make on introducing Welsh Education Bill. House would willingly devote two hours to instruction on this subject; but hours slip by, and opportunity of doing justice to question vanishes. By One in the morning, Motion for Adjournment agreed to. Now Wales will have its turn. But on question of Supply, SEXTON unexpectedly turns up, and opens long story about riots at Downpatrick, and Ministerial iniquity there anent. Two o'Clock strikes, and MUNDELLA's opportunity has come. But Members have gone, and so what might have been two hours' work, is got through in twenty minutes.

Business done.—East India Loan Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Few Members, in melancholy mood, met this afternoon to wind up business before Whitsun holidays. Business wound itself up at Seven o'Clock, and everybody gaily went off for Whitsun recess.

"Come along, TOBY," said the PREMIER, taking my arm. "Let's go and make holiday. My life's a very hard 'un, but, paradoxical as it appears, it would be harder still if there were no Hawarden."

Business done.—House Adjourned till 4th of June.

"Follow your Leader!"

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR—VOTE!

IT is not the Doctor who would desire to present this "Stand and deliver" sort of ultimatum to the perhaps poor, but not absolutely impecunious or pauperised Elector. No—it is such gentle lovers of their kind as the Marquis of SALISBURY, the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON, and the busy "B" of the *Times*. Pooh, pooh, my Lords, don't be pettifogging! You have an incurable habit of looking upon the right to vote as a "dole," to be charily dealt out, and withheld on every possible pretext. If you really knew anything of the short and simple annals of the poor, it would clear your minds of all that cant. If the receipt upon any occasion, and at whatever pinch, of surgical and medical advice and medicine, *is* to disqualify a man from voting, as you, in your wisdom, have, for the time, decided, the hard-and-fast rule will assuredly act harshly, absurdly, and with exasperating inequality. Many a decent fellow, "happy" in having "his quiver full of them," will forfeit a privilege which a bachelor "bad lot," his neighbour, will retain. 'Tis a twopenny-halfpenny business.

The Double-Duke was simply aghast at the Clause, for, said he, with bated breath, as, at the sight of Demogorgon, when a poor person, either for himself or wife or child, received medical relief, not only was medicine prescribed, but sometimes wine and mutton chops, and other medical comforts. "Wine and mutton chops!" Horror! If it comes to that, what is the use of having a Constitution at all, or even a House of Peers? The Country was saved (for the present) from the possibility of such a catastrophe by a noble majority—or what is, of course, the same thing, a majority of nobles—of twenty-five. And if the "independent and uncaucussed" House do not some day look back with changed feelings to the dogged stand of that saving twenty-five, *Mr. Punch* is marvellously mistaken.

Victor Hugo.

BORN, FEBRUARY 26, 1802. DIED, MAY 22, 1885.

FIRST among Frenchmen, great amidst the great,
As Jove amidst the Titans, thou art gone;
And the earth smaller seems, shrunken in state,
In brightness lessened! But thy fame flames on,
A sun whose spots mankind may scarcely mark
In its irradiant round, all-dazzling, bright,
Before whose lustre lesser fames show dark,
As candle-flames against the fount of light.
French of the French, and so to Saxon love,
Of large restraint and rhetoric-spurning calm,
Not seldom alien, yet as high above
Mere racial barriers as the subtle balm
Of the Ionian violet whose bland breath
Steals through the centuries. Titan o'erhurled
By fate at last, thou art of those whose death
Hushes a city and arrests a world.
Whate'er the winnowing breath of Time may do,
It cannot leave thy record less than great.
Potent, prolific, of the immortal few
Whose quick creations are the world's estate.
And large must loom, e'en through Oblivion's mist,
The memory of the Great Romanticist!

BILL AND BACKER.—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN is commissioned to introduce another (Government) Burial Bill. If this measure is to extend to Ireland, shouldn't it be indorsed by Mr. SEXTON?

A CUTTING RETORT.—The injury done to the "Hangers'" pictures at the Royal Academy.

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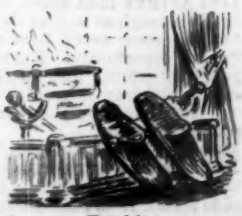

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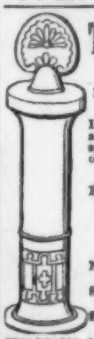
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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 80, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 30, 1885.